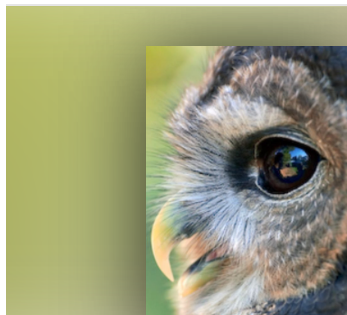




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The unfortunate series of Harry, the owl.



👁 33 ✓ 0 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

With a hoot and a squawk, Harry came into this world.

Not by egg, nor by mammal birth. Harry the spotted owl was dropped from the sky, as if the divines willed it so. He was racing towards the ground, an unconscious hatchling, spiraling and twisting in uncontrollable ways. Harry didn't seem perturbed at all, in fact, he remained sleeping.

Harry crash landed into a hole in the ground, right next to a crystal clear spring. The owlet opened his eyes for the first time, and took his first conscious breath. The first thing his eyes landed on was a long, squirming thing- tongue darting all about. Harry squawked, and the thing lunged backwards, fleeing with a mighty hiss. But there was something else- another wriggling thing. This one was like the first, only it seemed interested by the little owlet.

Harry blinked slowly. The thing seemed to wiggle on the ground closer to him, but he stood unmoved.

"Hello, dear little one. What has brought you here?" the thing hissed calmly.

Harry only looked on, not understanding.

There was a flash of light into the hole, and then, Harry understood.

Harry blinked rapidly, and started hissing and spitting. The thing was very confused, yet

somewhat amused.

"I've never seen an owl do that."

Harry hissed proudly, like

"I don't know where you came from."

Harry puffed out his little downy feather chest and huffed.

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"M-My name i-ssssss Harry. Are you m-my mother?" The thing smiled warmly, and coiled itself around Harry.

"Yessss little one. You may call me mother."

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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